Yankee Doings

Vol. VI Boston, Mass. September, 1925 No. 9

"My Gawd! Somethin's Draggin'"

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YANKEE DOINGS

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Secretary

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Copy for DOINGS must be in on the First

103d INFANTRY COLORS DECORATED

A very impressive ceremony was held at the Augusta (Maine) Camp Grounds (Camp Keyes), on Sunday, August 2, when the Regimental Colors were decorated with twenty battle streamers. These decorations were for the engagements in which the regiment partook during the Civil War and the World War.

The 103d was originally the 2d Maine Regiment which was organized in 1861 and during the War of the Rebellion took part in a large number of engagements including Fredericksburg, Cold Harbor, Gettysburg and others. It was called into Federal service in 1898 and consolidated into the 1st Battalion Heavy Artillery. The Regiment was again called into service for the trouble on the Border and then again in 1917 when the United States entered the War. It was formally mustered out in April, 1919.

The new regiment (3d Maine Infantry) was designated as the 103d Infantry in January, 1922, to carry out the traditions and history of the wartime organization. Adjt-General HANSON decorated the colors and the various members of the old 103d presented the ribbons.

Among the familiar faces of the old 103d were GENERAL HANSON, GENERAL GREENLAW, COLONEL BISBEE, MAJOR METCALF, MAJOR BROWN, SERGEANT MAJOR FLEMMING and others. —E. K. H.

VERDUN

October, 1918

HAROLD AMORY (101st Machine Gun Battalion)

Narrow streets and empty houses,
Windows minus every pane,
Yawning cellars flanked by wreckage
Mark the spot where some were slain.
Crazy stovepipes through the sidewalks
From the dugouts far below
Elbowed into bygone parlors,
That the smoke might never show.

Shattered signs of bygone business,
Magazines, estaminets,
Let you know in shell-torn letters
What they were in other days.
Narrow streets and empty houses,
Soldiers grouped in twos and threes,
Not a sign of a civilian—
War has little need of these.

So I wandered through the city
And I slowly climbed the hill,
Saw the broken old cathedral
With its altars standing still,
And I wondered, as I saw it,
When this world-wide war is done,
If the French will have the courage
To come back to old Verdun.

Then I thought of Vaux and Douaumont,
Of the famous *contre-attaques*,
When the French rose up in frenzy,
Driving all the Prussians back,
Of the fighting 'round the city,
Of the blood poured out for France,
Of the glory of those poilus
Who took part in that advance.

Then I knew they'd have the courage
To restore that shattered place,
To rebuild the ruined dwellings,
Lift quick hands and cheerful face—
The spirit which they showed at Douaumont
Would rebuild them one by one—
Then the French would come in triumph
Once again to old Verdun.

Received from HAROLD G. WILLIAMS (101st M. G. Bn.)

DIVISIONAL MEMORIAL

From time to time YANKEE DOINGS has printed letters from its readers having to do with the possibility of erecting in France a suitable memorial to the 26th Division. Many other divisions have such; surely ours is no less worthy of commemoration. Suggestions from readers as to the best method of realizing such a project would not only make interesting reading but might be instrumental in crystallizing opinion to the point of action.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Elsewhere in this issue appears a letter from Colonel Willard B. Luther (101st F.A.) It contains a large dose of common sense. Better read it over twice.

* * * *

It is in the heart of each one of us to jump to the defense of the Division at the drop of a hat. Such eagerness speaks eloquently of the place it holds in our affections. In time of war, no unit is so sure to be inferior as the one which thinks itself so. Supreme confidence, even to the point of arrogance, is good strategy. To this day every division believes that the A. E. F. would have been a sorry mess if deprived of its services. Which is altogether fitting and proper. Without such *esprit de corps* the bonds of comradeship which still unite us would have long ago dissolved.

* * * *

Common sense should tell us, however, that continued boastfulness and wildly extravagant claims to distinction can do more harm than good in establishing the Division's rightful place in history. For history deals in facts. Its fabric is made up far more of statistics than sentiment. And by history alone can the future judge the past. It is upon the basis of facts and figures that we should take our stand. For here our position is secure. Long after the last pop-eyed Yank pounds the table before him, vehemently claiming for his Division first place in everything from ground gained to cognac consumed, history will stand to bear him out or to refute him.

It is a failure common to all of us to claim pre-eminence in all things. Our record is one to justify a sense of satisfaction. Let us be content with posterity's verdict, "One of the best divisions."

* * * *

But let us also keep secure in our own hearts the love which makes it for us the one and only.

TRY BLUE-JAY

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

As I have never noticed any writings from any of the Ohio boys, I will scratch a few scribbles.

I live down here on the Ohio River in the pottery center of America, where the flappers flap about twenty-five hours a day.

I enjoy reading DOINGS very much, and often wish I could drop in to the Club sometime and spread the bull a while. Perhaps some day I'll be lucky enough to visit Boston when my feet get better. They are still sore from touring Sunny France.

I will close with best wishes to all comrades of the 26th and if any of the Ohio boys have anything to tell about their experiences over there, I'm sure DOINGS will print them. That is what keeps up comradeship.

R. R. HANNA (I Co., 104th Inf.)

East Liverpool, Ohio.

CHECK!

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

May I express my warm appreciation of the article in the August issue entitled "The Old Man" and the hope that it marks a change of policy in that connection?

Ever since the first issue of DOINGS, I have been its steady reader and admirer. The only thing that has disturbed me has been the constant use of its columns as a medium for perpetuating the controversy that has raged around our Commander ever since he left the Division at Verdun.

The articles to which I refer have without doubt been from writers whose sole aim has been to help General Edwards. Except, however, to please people who already felt as did their authors, they have not had the desired effect. Indeed they have had the reverse. Instead of picturing a soldier of great ability and enduring fortitude, which is the General Edwards I know, they have given the public at large the impression of a leader whose merits were so doubtful that they must constantly be buttressed and rebuttressed by defence and counter-attack. The result has been that by now altogether too many believe that a division with such a multitude of apologists and defenders must have had something to apologize for or to defend.

Out of every great war certain controversies are sure to arise, sometimes in regard to men, sometimes in regard to measures. Everyone recalls the Sampson-Schley controversy that raged for years after the Spanish War. Practically no one, however, remembers who was to blame or who was not. The general impression is that two men, who ought to have been content with serving their country, and standing mute as to the value of such service, spent their declining years in vilifying each other. That the men themselves were steadfastly silent is forgotten. The clamor of their partisans is attributed to them.

The mission of YANKEE DOINGS should be to keep together the men who formed the 26th Division and to keep fragrant its memory. It should never be used for partisan propaganda, and such use has always hurt the Division and never helped it. We are so sure of our own record and of the pride we take in it, that we cannot appreciate that outsiders will judge us from our talk at least as much as from the dimming memory of our actions. Those are fixed forever and for us all, but each fresh outburst of some excitable member renders their remembrance less fragrant and makes their value seem more doubtful. The war is over. What we gave, we gave freely. Why not let it rest at that and rest silently?

Very truly yours,

WILLARD B. LUTHER (101st F. A.)

OVERSEAS REUNION

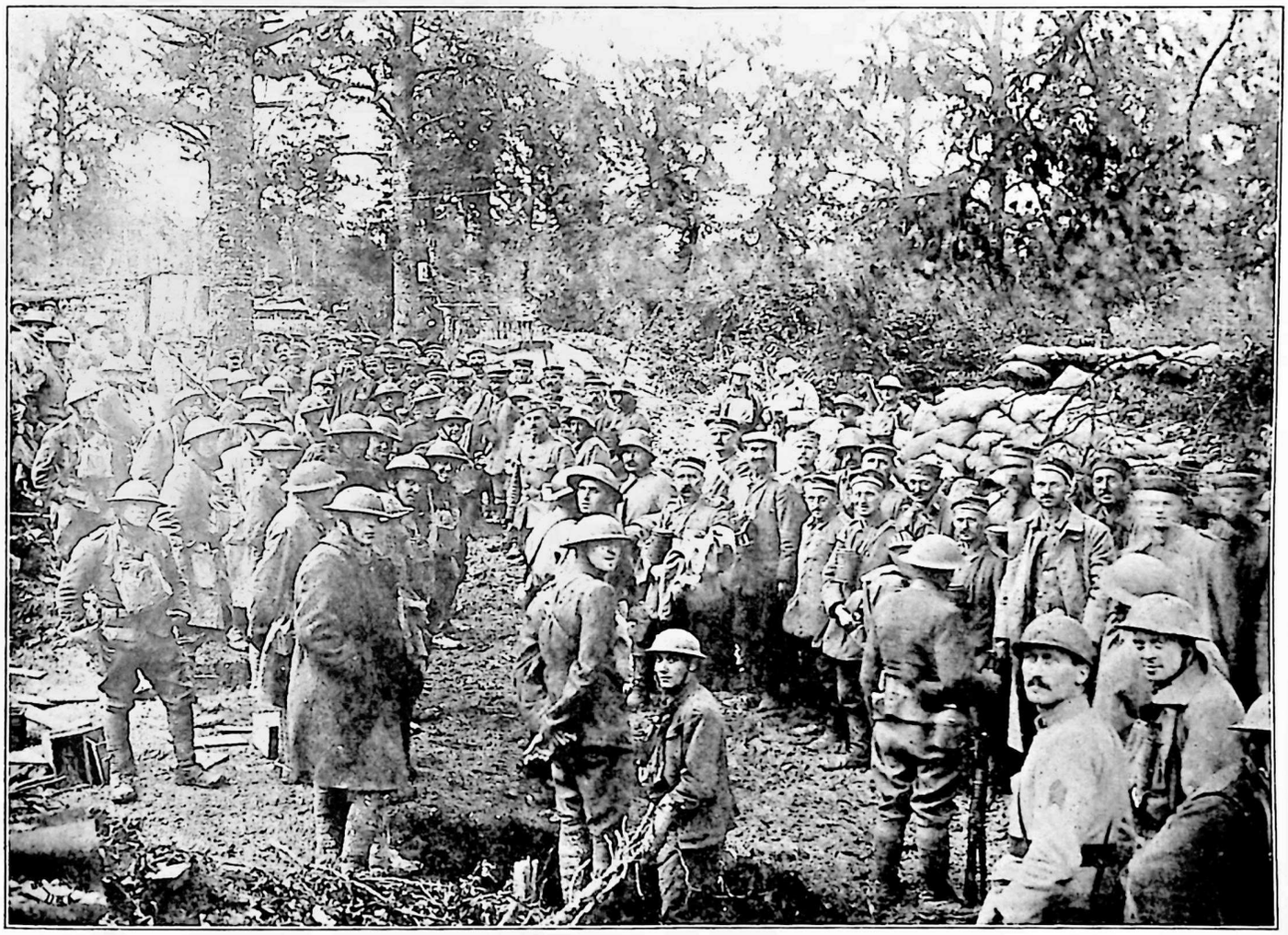
Last month's DOINGS published a suggestion received from one of its readers that the 26th Division plan to hold a Divisional Reunion in Paris in 1927 in connection with the American Legion Convention.

Such a prospect should fire the imagination of even an M. P. But it seems to have struck everyone speechless. How does it appeal to you? Let's hear from you, even if it's only "yes" or "no."

The Capture of Vigneulles

By EMERSON G. TAYLOR

(Reprinted from "New England in France, 1917-1919"



German Prisoners Captured by 26th Division in St. Mihiel Offensive

In the afternoon (September 12) a change in the plan of the general advance had been determined upon. At 15.15 o'clock (quarter after three) there were received from the Corps, orders prescribing that the Twenty-sixth should take over from the French division on its left the territory which the latter had captured between Herbeuville and Dommartin, the French not advancing for the present beyond the line Hannonville-Longeau Farm. A more extensive program had been laid out for this division (Fifteenth Colonial); but the severe opposition it had early encountered made it impossible to meet the requirements of the original plan, and therefore the Americans were called upon to assist in furthering the advance on the left.

A practical method of effecting this purpose was determined upon at a conference between General Hennocque, in command of the Second Dismounted Cavalry Division (on the right of the Twenty-sixth) and General Edwards, at whose command post the French General called late in the afternoon. Realizing that the purpose of the two divisions operating together was to clear this portion of the Meuse Heights, the French commander proposed, since both the Twenty-sixth and his own division had attained their prescribed objectives, that the two should swing their advance to the left, or north, and clear the high land in the direction of Saint-Maurice, whither the bulk of the enemy forces was apparently retreating. To this proposal the Division Commander at once assented, the village of Thillot being selected as the objective for the Twenty-sixth's advance. A message explaining the plan was at once carried forward by a staff officer to the commander

of the 51st Infantry Brigade; another to Cole (52d Brigade) advised the latter of the new purpose; and the operation was on the point of being started when a telephone message from Corps Headquarters received at 19.30 o'clock, completely altered the situation.

The Division was to continue its advance straight through, said the Corps, along the forest road of the Grande Tranchee de Calonne, to Hattonchatel and Vigneulles. From the south the First Division was advancing, and the two forces were to meet at Vigneulles, thus pinching out the western side of the salient. Thus ran the telephone message from the Corps Chief of Staff; and it sufficed to get action instantly. In a moment the Division Commander was in communication personally with the Headquarters of his most advanced brigade (51st), where now the regiment of the Division reserve (102d Infantry) was the leading unit. The movement to the left must be stopped; a new formation must be made; the advance to Vigneulles must be started without a second's delay. Personally General Edwards sent forward his emphatic orders to Shelton; personally he set in motion all the machinery for the new movement, communicating his own energy to all concerned with such effectiveness that long before the written orders came from Corps Headquarters the movement had been begun. At 8.10 P.M. the Division Commander got word to Shelton (51st Brigade), through an aide at Brigade Headquarters; at 9.00 P.M. he was in telephone communication with Cole, on the left, directing the latter to move out by any roads available on the left and rear of the Vigneulles column, with the line Hattonchatel-Saint-Maurice (inclusive) as an objective. By 9.30 P.M. the advance troops of Shelton's brigade had started along the Grande Tranchee de Calonne. Such, in brief, was the manner in which the march was inaugurated. It is interesting to note the little elapsed time between the Corps' telephone call and the beginning of the 102d Infantry's movement; to mark the promptness and the co-operation of all concerned in carrying out the Corps Commander's order. A sudden situation, a change of orders, a wholly new disposition of the Division's combat elements, were all met, put into operation, and completed within two hours. This with the telephones working irregularly, with roads almost impassable even for the staff cars and motorcycles, with several of the staff officers (including the Chief) absent from Headquarters with the advanced infantry arranging for the previously ordered change of direction.

By magic the Division Commander's work spread down to every battalion. It was to be a race between the Twenty-sixth and their old friends of the First with Vigneulles for the goal; to the Twenty-sixth had been given the task of closing in the west side of the salient—the Division was depended on to clinch a great American victory. Quickly Shelton made his dispositions; with no confusion the troops formed up and started, every man eager and ready. Leading the advance was the 102d Infantry. Behind the regiment came the Machine-Gun Company of the 101st Infantry and the 102d Machine-Gun Battalion, closely followed by the remainder of the Division reserve (101st Machine-Gun Battalion). The latter could not use its motor cars, owing to the condition of the roads, so carried its guns by hand. A main body, comprising, according to the order, one battalion of the 101st Infantry, the 101st Field Artillery, and then the remaining battalions of the 101st Infantry, was to follow the advance; but as it was impracticable for the moment to get the guns forward, the infantry went on without them.

Along the littered highway, in route column, with advance and flank guards, hurried the 102d. In the copses and hollows there might be clouds of snipers or groups of machine guns left to cover the enemy retreat. There was no time and no opportunity for reconnoissance; to right and left it was none too easy to maintain communication with the Second (French) Division and the 52d Brigade. But the word was "Get forward!" and forward the column moved, electrified by the Division Commander's pungent orders, needing no spur but the knowledge that it had an important task ahead and a race to win.

By the time the column was well under way, the written order came in from Corps Headquarters:

Headquarters Fifth Army Corps (G-3 No. 25-30)
American Expeditionary Forces
France, 12 September 1918 (20.00 hours)

From: Chief of Staff, 5th Army Corps.
To: Commanding General, 26th Division.
Subject: Closing of Gap between Western and Southern Attacks.

1. The 1st Division from the southern attack is moving on Vigneulles to join with you in closing the gap between the two attacks.

2. The Corps Commander directs that you continue the advance along the Grande Tranchee de Calonne so that by daylight tomorrow (September 13th) you will have established contact with the 1st Division and will have one regiment in Hattonchatel.

W. B. BURTT, Brigadier-General, Chief of Staff.

THE/W
Rec'd 26 Div. G-3
12 Sept. 1918
23.20 o'clock.

(On the right Hennocque's Second Division of Dismounted Cavalry (8th, 12th and 5th Regiments of Cuirassiers) ploughed ahead toward Creue, Chaillon and Lamorville. In the rear the engineers were working madly to make a passage over the wrecked roads for the chafing artillerymen.

Through the night, leaving patrols on every crossroad, gathering in prisoners as it marched, the 102d Infantry pushed along the Grande Tranchee. Ahead of the column rode Colonel Bearss, with his adjutant, the French information officer, regimental intelligence officer, Lieutenant Colonel Alfonte (the Division signal officer), and three or four messengers. Just after two o'clock on September 13, this party stormed into Hattonchatel, which had been set on fire by the enemy, captured then and there a loaded truck train and a machine-gun crew, too surprised to offer resistance. *Into blazing Vigneulles, at the foot of the hill below Hattonchatel, marched the regiment before three o'clock. Strong patrols, with machine-gun sections, were immediately sent to the southward, toward Creue and Heudicourt; and it was in the latter village that contact was made later in the morning with elements of the First Division. The race was to the Twenty-sixth.* To the Corps Commander, who had said that General Pershing wanted the Division to be in Vigneulles by daylight, General

Edwards had given an assurance that his men would be there at four o'clock at the latest; and his men had made good their leader's promise handsomely.

Comments on this fine performance of the 102d Infantry by those high in command followed, generous in their appreciation. On September 18 the Fifth Army Corps, in general orders, published the following citation:

1. During the recent operations for the reduction of the Saint-Mihiel salient, one regiment in particular of the Twenty-sixth Division should be mentioned as having acquitted itself in a most inspiring manner. The 102d Infantry (Colonel Hiram I. Bearss commanding) was ordered late in the evening to march at once on Vigneulles, in order to close the remaining gap between the two attacks.

The regiment marched five miles in darkness through woods infested with the enemy, captured 280 prisoners, and completed its mission long before daylight. The main roads of the salient were cut off, and no more of the enemy could escape.

This fine example of courage and soldierly acceptance of battle conditions is worthy of emulation. The Corps Commander congratulates them and looks forward with confidence to a continuation of their good work.

By command of Major-General Cameron.

W. B. BURTT, Brigadier General, Chief of Staff.

SECOND THE MOTION?

A brief note from the Summer White House at Atlantic, signed by the spokesman for the President (of the Y.D. V.A.) reads as follows:

"The President desires me to convey to you his compliments and to offer the suggestion that the verses mentioned in last month's DOINGS be printed under the caption, 'Posthumorous Pomes of the late F. P. Nard.' "

102d FIELD ARTILLERY

Received a letter from Dr. HAROLD H. BUEHLER. He says: "Glad to see the 102d Field Artillery column in DOINGS and hope you keep up the good work. It is needless to say how glad we all are to hear something concerning the boys of our own regiment again.

"I will be at the reunion this year as usual and hope everybody will put forth an effort to get there. I know it will be a good party and we can count on Battery D to put it over."

Capt. WILLIAM H. SHANNON, whom we all remember as the veterinary of the old 102d, successfully passed the last examination conducted by the Massachusetts State Bar Examiners during July, and will shortly be sworn in at the practice of his profession by the Superior Court of the Commonwealth. Doc was just as popular in his law class as he was with the outfit. At present he is chief of the Division of Animal Industry of Massachusetts.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of PETE KEATING (Bat. A) might tell him that if he will get in touch with MIKE DRISCOLL (F Co., 101st Engrs.) at Driscoll's Army and Navy Store, Adams Square, Boston, he will have the pleasure of receiving, gratis, an old pup-tent bearing his name. Mike found it among a lot he recently bought up.

BILL SYNDER'S RIDING ACADEMY RIDE, COWBOY, RIDE

We have often heard of what a bull would do to a red handkerchief, but that ain't nothing to what our bronchos do when JOHNNY ATROCK enters the Academy with his cute knickers and forget-me-not ties. On the level, we think a human being who would wear that layout ought to be crowned with a D.C.C.

PERCY WAITE has just composed a new song entitled, "I Am Always Chasing Rainbows" and it is expected that he will sing it at the next smoker. GOLDIE will join in the discord.

We have just learned that a new branch of the Army was attached to the Division during the last war. It seems that after every unit was completely organized, there were several men left over and the staff were at a loss as to what to do. Some suggested that they make them all officers, but BILL BRADY pipes up and says, "Nothing doing. These men know more than officers." So they kept them together and called it the Signal Corps. Now try and get your right number!

What constitutes a safety? Now, children, do not all speak at once. That little boy with the gold teeth will answer it.

On and after September 14th, EDDIE FERGUSON will be in the haberdashery business. He has a large stock of goods on hand now, but, like a movie director, he is looking for location.

If you are fond of fiction get hold of MEL HARLOW and ask him to tell you about the thrills of a taxicab. He can think them up faster than the taxi meter can run, and believe us, that is some fast.

We came near having a casualty at the Academy last week. JIM WOOD spied a car with New Hampshire number plates and in his anxiety to discern the occupant let his heart—we mean foot—slip, and was only saved from falling by the hair on Monte Brown's head.

If TED WILSON would only loosen up he could make all the members of the Lonely Hearts Club happy. He has every address in the Back Bay.

FOSTER COZZENS decided that he would spend the evening at the Academy, then he called his wife. Goodnight, Foster.

As a further reminder, "GUSSIE" is still doing business at the old stand.

If you are desirous of riding one of our bronchos, just put it in writing and address it to the riding master.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

J. A. MARSHALL (Co. K), now living in Lowell, and QUINCY PARK (Co. C), So. Chelmsford, Mass., recently visited the Club for the first time in two years. Don't stay away so long next time!

Others who have lately called at the Club include THOMAS A. DONOVAN (Co. E) and LEROY PIERCE (Hdqrs.), both of Somerville.

Y. D. POST 290, A. L.

The growth of the newest Post in the American Legion is certainly gratifying to those of us who have been working to put it across. Starting the Post in June during the hot weather, with many of the fellows away on vacations and depending almost wholly upon personal solicitation, the paid-up membership has been built up to about seventy-five. The meetings, which are held every second and fourth Monday evening at the YD Club Building, 200 Huntington Ave., have been very well attended.

The Post participated in the American Legion Parade on Saturday, September 12, which was the closing day of the Convention of the Massachusetts Department, A. L. The parade started at 2.30 P.M. and the members of the Post had a humdinger uniform for the event. It consisted of an Alpine chausseur's hat made of dark blue velveteen worn over the left eye and ear, a smock made of French blue washable material with a blue YD on the left shoulder, —these, together with a black Windsor tie, proved to be a knockout.

We hope soon to form an orchestra, also a drum and bugle corps among the members. Any of the boys who play instruments and would be interested should see MONTE BROWN about the orchestra or HAROLD PAGE about the drum and bugle corps.

AL DAY is chairman of the membership committee and any applications sent either to him or BILL SNYDER will receive prompt attention.

Our aim is to put the name of every YD man who is not already a legionnaire on the roster of this Post.

—J. H. L

103d MACHINE GUN BATTALION

ROLAND D. HUSSEY, Company C, very kindly took it upon himself to send in news for his outfit for he was tired of seeing issue after issue with nothing under the above heading.

Since he finished working in a Chestnut Hill garage about a year ago, "BILL" CYRS has been working in Vermont.

Lieut. ROLAND FENTON is now a captain in the Q. M. C. and is stationed at the Army Base.

Hussey lately has run across the following: GEORGE NOURSE, "MARTY" HOGAN, "RED" PARKER, and VROOM, who is married, has two children, and is living around Boston. As for himself, he left Boston University in 1923 with a degree from the College of Liberal Arts and has since been doing graduate work at Harvard. He is now going to Spain for the Winter as Augustus Howe Buck Fellow of Boston University to do some more studying. He left with a promise to write again. In the meantime, any news for this column can be sent direct to the Club. Mail for Hussey sent to 8 Winter Place, Melrose, Mass., will be forwarded.

A. P. O. 709

GEORGE LANE, concocter of the famous "machine gun punch," a knock-out in every glass, will be found "dishing out" cigars at the tobacco stand in the North Station.

The engagement of AUTON AUGUSTUS SAUNDERS, M. P., of Concord, and Miss Virginia E. Wilson, Concord Junction, was announced last month.

PACIFIC COAST FLARES

Rather ancient to be regarded as news, but then it will let the boys know we're still above ground.

We turned out on Memorial Day in the hopes of adding a few YD's to the Club, after sending out over fifty notices, but met with indifferent success. Anyway, we have ten to fifteen of the faithful that will meet from time to time and keep the old spirit up. Hoping for more success in the future.

—L. T. J.

102d MACHINE GUN BATTALION COMPANY A

"Rutland is yours on September 25, 26 and 27," says "SLOPPSY" COCKLIN. If you were at the reunion of the Bulldog Battalion at Rutland two years ago or heard of it, you will see that you aren't marked "missing" at this one. The Committee has oiled up the band, the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion will provide lunch on the 26th, and so on. If you *need* help or *can* help in transportation from Boston, phone Col. J. R. SANBORN, Arlington, 2543-R after 6 P.M.

JACK J. MINOQUE of Vermont, a prince among men, died very suddenly a few weeks ago from an acute attack of gallstones. "A" men from Rutland expressed their grief, to which we all add our sympathies to his family in our mutual bereavement.

GUY BEAN is back from a honeymoon in Europe and an inquisitive trip over our battlefields. He got back to nature by attending a dance at Pargny-Filain, formerly an outpost position at Chemin des Dames. More about his trip later.

Since our last dope on ARTHUR W. SMITH, we've learned that he has received a captaincy and has been assigned as operations officer of the 110th Cavalry.

DUDLEY LEAVITT has again signed up—this time to serve for "duration" as a husband. He goes on active duty in September, per rumors from Vermont.

RAY ATHERTON has resigned as county agent at Auburn, Maine, and has hung out his shingle as a dairyman in Sanford. In chorus, "If he is as successful as he deserves, his trademark will be world famous."

RALPH GEORGE still surrounds himself with the francs and gathers in the "works" regularly as a salary from the Atlantic National Bank at the Summer-street branch.

Orders of the Day: Phone all the "A" men you can reach right now to *rush to Rutland, September 25th*, and phone the names of the detail to Arlington 2543-R tonight.

—A. C. H.

Base 18, Bazoilles, Vosges

By A. S. WILSON

On a cold, rainy, winter day in 1917, from the warehouse on the Route de Liffol, in Neufchateau, a truck pulled out with a piano and some things to eat and smoke (not a great many things, for there were not many in France then). Along past the old lumber yard, past Rebeval Barracks, the French Hospital up the street, afterward called Rue President Wilson, where the postoffice and telegraph office were, down the Rue de France and up over the hill toward Bazoilles, slipping and stuttering (it was a Henry—) went the car, past the fields where the flaming poppies grew in summer time among the wheat, to the crest of the hill just before you descended to the level of Bazoilles, then to the right after descending the hill, over the little river and up into the dirty little town, through the gate of a chateau, surrounded by barracks where the sick and wounded were.

We lifted the piano—weren't they the funny lookin' little things?—off the truck and as we were carrying it into the "Y," one lad was playing tunes on it. How the bunch laughed and capered and crowded around while the lone pianist pounded out popular tunes and the white-haired "Y" man busied himself putting away the other things.

There was a stove that burned (?) green pine wood and heated the tar paper palace and there were lanterns or lamps, I cannot remember which, that hung on the wall along with some paper decorations and some pretty fine colored pictures of Paris and other places.

This was my first introduction to Base 18, the happiest place of misery I knew in France.

In June, 1918, I came back there—that time to remain three months. Then there was an enormous hut, and the night I arrived movies were going on, the place was crowded with the boys who had been in the Chemin des Dames and afterward at Seichprey, Beaumont, Menil la Tour and Jury Woods. The hospital had been enlarged to the point where both hillsides had many, many barracks. Their numbers were 18, 42, 48, 116, 110 and other units, and behind the "Y" hut was Evacuation Hospital No. 6. Trains were bringing in wounded every few days—nine hundred men at a time.

We had entertainment of some kind every night. Elsie Janis, bless her heart, paid us visits. I can still see her struttin' down the ward in 18 where boys were lying in bed with their legs or arms in "derricks"—waving her arms and kicking her long, graceful legs as she sang "Darktown Strutters' Ball." Afterward she gathered the whole gang together in the big hut and sang everything she could think of, and the gang cheered and clapped.

Remember the stage there and the picture of Pershing over it, the water scene on the curtain and the endless parade of infantry and artillery on the frieze around the top of the room? I wonder where they are now. Perhaps some French boys or girls have kept some of these boards for decoration, or perhaps some Frenchman has made a fence of them and the infantry and artillery are now forever marching out in the rain at Bazoilles.

Remember the "picnics" we had around the point of woods in the little valley just beyond the new cemetery they laid out, and how the boys carried cans of hash and baskets of bread and a big can of tea out there and how the gas patients had to be watched to keep them from playing ball too long and tiring themselves out, and how they pleaded that they were all right and it didn't hurt them? Remember the lame on crutches and those who could walk all right pushing those in wheel chairs over the rough ground out to the picnics? I shall never forget. Those were halcyon days, bitter and sweet. Once in a while we had apple pie but always we had hash and good hash, not Corn Willie, but good boiled meat cut up and re-cooked with potatoes, onions and lots of pepper and salt. That made good sandwiches on fresh bread.

Remember the little groundhog we got and how scared a negro patient was of this little beast? Remember the big pine woods at the back, on the hill, and the bugle call of taps at 9 o'clock? Gee! How lonesome that sounded. Also do you remember the two German prisoners in the ward for wounded, one a Bavarian and the other a Saxon, and how they used to fight with each other about the Kaiser whom the Saxon hated and the Bavarian liked? After the marines, who had been shot up at Chateau Thierry, came into the ward they forced the Base 18 officials to remove these two boys to the "hoose-gow" where they convalesced. The war is over and I'd rather like to know how our Saxon friend is now.

Then there was the hike we took to Rebeuville one day. How the old women and girls ran clattering to meet us and hugged the boys they had not seen since the previous winter and whom they imagined dead on the Soissons front! How they laughed and cried to find them alive, and inquired after others. Many of their own sons in the French Army had been killed. One had just returned, crippled for life, and an old mother was very sad. 101st men who billeted at Rebeuville (not Rebeval Barracks at Neufchateau) will remember Marie Couraud who lived with her grandmother and had a piano in their little old house. The last I heard from her was that she is Mrs. Hugh Cooper and lives at Walbridge, Ohio. On that hike we tarried just a little long for another drink of *vin blanc* and got caught across the road on the hill where there was an apple orchard and it rained pitchforks. We hugged the trees but got soaked to the skin.

Remember the Casual Ward, where the boys stayed a few days before getting their can of tomatoes and another of corned willie to go back to their outfits? Millard H. Howard, the wardmaster there, is in the jewelry business in Remsen, N. Y. I have heard from him a number of times. Then there was Miss Charlotte Gailor, the Red Cross lady, whose office was in the end of the big hut. She was here in New York last winter and I had many pleasant visits with her, and former patients at Base 18 must have experienced hot ears those times. She lives at Sewanee, Tenn.

Well, that's enough of reminiscences for the present. I should like very much to hear from many of that old bunch of good fellows, and what could be finer than for us all to spend a week there again—even if we had to eat corned willie and beans?

Billets

(Dedicated to the gallant peasants of sunny France, who own them, and the officers of the A. E. F. who made the selection for the proletariat.)

I've slept with horse and sad-eyed cow,
  I've dreamed in peace with bearded goat,
I've laid my head on the rusty plow,
  And with the pig shared table d'hote,
I've chased the supple, leaping flea
  As o'er my outstretched form he sped,
And heard the sneering rooster's crow
  When I chased the rabbit from my bed.
I've marked the dog's contented growl,
  His wagging tail, his playful bite;
With guinea pig and wakeful owl
  I've shared my resting place at night,
While overhead, where cobweb lace
  Like curtains drapes the oaken beams,
The spiders skipped from place to place
  And sometimes dropped in on my dreams.
And when the morning, damp and raw,
  Arrived at last as if by chance,
I've crawled out from the rancid straw
  And cussed the stable barns of France.

And sometimes when the day is done
  And lengthening shadows pointing long,
I dream of days when there was sun—
  And street cars in my daily song.
But over here—ah! what a change,
  The clouds are German-silver lined—
Who worries when we get the mange?
  What boots it if our shoes are shined?
The day speeds by and night again
  Looms up a spectre grim and bare;
We trek off to the hen house then
  And climb the cross-barred ladder there—

Another biologic night
  Spent in a state sans peace, sans sleep;
And as I soothe some stinging bite,
  I mark the gentle smell of sheep,
The smell that wots of grassy dell,
  Of hillsides green where fairies dance . . .
The vision's past—I'm back in hell,
  An ancient stable barn of France.

We've slept with all the gander's flock,
  By waddling duck we've slumbered on—
In fact, we've slept with all the stock,
  And they will miss us when we're gone.
We've seen at times the nocturne eyes
  Of playful mouse on evening spree,
And the coastwise trade at night he plies
  With Brother Louse on a jamboree.
We've scratched and fought with foe unseen,
  And with the candle hunted wide
For the bug that thrives on Paris green,
  But cashes in on bichloride.

Perchance may come a night of stars,
  Perchance the snow drift through the tile,
Perchance the evil face of Mars
  Peeks in and shows his wicked smile;
'Tis then we dream of other days
  When we were free and in the dance,
And followed in the old-time ways,
  Far from the stable barns of France.

From "*Yanks, A Book of A. E. F. Verse.*"

Who Won the War?

In the Little Airy Digest of Bullard's General Compound Cathartic Diaree of the World War, we have come to the continued conclusion that the war was one and could not have been two according to Army Regulations.

In the firing line of the above said Diaree, the General speaks of an "irritating experience." It's true! We all suffered from the same ailment. Some had many but we never tried the blow from behind as it was found more convenient to just pick them off and use the trigger squeeze.

To compile such a diary which out *ranks* the Volstead Act, calls for nerve far above and beyond the call of duty and should entitle the author to numerous honors and decorations, among which are suggested the following:

HONORS

Four short and two long blasts on a Saxophone, followed by Chopin's Funeral March.

DECORATIONS

1. Distinguished Service Medal.
2. Crow de Guerre.
3. Order of the Roaring Lyun.
4. Order of the Italian Stilletto.
5. Crossed Hammers of Bull-gary and the Poisoned Pen from Faust.

In future wars Diaries should be issued to all soldiers of the army so that they may express their opinions of their superiors and yet keep them under cover. (Patent Applied For.)

L. T. JOHNSTON,
(101st Inf.)

Glendale, Calif.

My Buddy's Wife

By T. Howard Kelly

Author of "What Outfit, Buddy?", "The End of a Paris Night," Etc., Etc.

(Concluded from August DOINGS)

The blaze in the open fireplace danced in faint blue and yellow flames up the wide chimney. Two great logs had fallen to red, glowing embers. Still Mary and I made no move to get up from our chairs on this the first night of our marriage. We remained in silence, staring vacantly at the glowing coals of wood. The clock on the mantelpiece said nine o'clock. What a strange situation for a man and woman newly wedded! Neither of us had quite recovered from the haste and shock of it.

Outside the wind swirled the snow against the window-panes, like countless white wraith fingers. Several times Mary had shuddered involuntarily as she watched the snow beating against the panes. Now she was shuddering again. I got up from my chair and went over to her.

"Mary," I began, taking her limp hands in mine, "you proved yourself the bravest, sweetest girl in the world to-day. I—I can't tell you in words how wonderful you are. I won't try. Surely you understand that your every wish will always be mine?"

"Yes, Jimmy," she answered, slowly looking up at me, her sad wistfulness tempting me to tell her how much I loved her. But the temptation died before it grew too strong. I remembered who she was—Bill's sweetheart wife.

"I'm going now over to the barn. I—".

"To the barn?" she repeated, perplexity in her voice.

"Yes, we both need rest. Tomorrow I have much harness mending to do."

"There is no need, Jimmy, for you to go to the barn to sleep any more. Don't think I haven't realized the cold and discomfort you've put up with over there to stay by and help me," she said.

"It was nothing, Mary," I assured her hurriedly, knowing in my heart that it would have been sweet to have suffered all the cold and privations in the world for her sake.

"Of course you would say that," she replied, patting my hands. "But I know different. I want you to stay here, Jimmy. You have the right now. You are my husband before the world—"

"Mary!" I cried, jerking my hands away quickly. "Stop. I am your husband only in name. Do not think I don't understand. I know what's in your heart. I've always known since I came. I've known just as surely as I know what's in my own," I said, coming as close as I dared to confessing my love.

"You are so good, Jimmy," was all she answered for the moment. As I towered above her, Mary got up from the chair, her eyes upraised to mine. "You just said my wishes would be yours. I want you to stay here in the house—there is poor Mother Mullaney's room all ready and waiting for you," she ended.

I could only squeeze her hands and say: "Thank you, Mary, I'll use the room. You go on up to your own now. I'll wait behind and put out the fire and the lights."

"Good night, Jimmy," she murmured, moving away.

* * * *

A month of snow, sleet and ice drifted bleakly by.

Life went on much the same at the farm for Mary and me. The gossips were appeased—and so had forgotten us.

March blustered its way into our lives, filling the air with false promises of spring now and then. Eagerly I waited for the time to come when I might work in the fields and come home tired out at night. It would be easier to sleep then, I thought, and drown my fruitless longing for Mary.

One night when the wind was high outside, I tossed in bed, feverish and restless.

Finally I got up for a cigarette, thinking a smoke might quiet me.

For a long time I stood at my window smoking and studying the starlit night spaces beyond. How white the stars shined down! How blue was the sky overhead! My glance swept the fields thawing for the spring. Now the old barn was in my line of vision. I looked at it, remembering the cold nights spent there—remembering how I had watched Mary's light go out.

Suddenly I started forward, my free hand clutching at the windowsill. A tiny point of light was moving through the barn! For several moments I stood there irresolute. Undoubtedly some person was prowling in the barn. Would it be best to rush right down, or wait and see what happened? In my nervous, restless mood, the first seemed the most expedient.

Pulling on a pair of trousers and shoes, I jumped into a coat. On the way past the bureau I hastily picked up my army automatic.

Peering around the corner of the house, I saw that the light in the barn had disappeared. There was a short stretch of starlit night between me and the barn. I dashed across this space and slid into the shadows, ready to use my gun and flashlight at a moment's notice.

The sound of Ned stamping about restlessly in his stall came to me. That was a sure sign of somebody being in the place. I waited tensely, for steps to tell me where the intruder was. They came shortly—padded footfalls moving over the hay-covered floors with a soft neighing—a glad, friendly sort of sound in the deep dark. Hoofs pranced excitedly against the floor.

A man's voice reached me like a whispered sound.

I flashed my light, revealing a man in army clothes about to pet an excited horse. Only for a second did the yellow shaft of light give me such a picture. The next moment it clattered to the floor and went out while I stood there in the dark trying to gain control of my voice, while all of my senses said that I had just looked upon the living dead!

"Bill—Bill—" I cried at last, my voice hardly above a whisper for all of its sudden hoarseness.

"Jimmy," came back the cry of a human voice I had thought stilled forever.

Somehow we found each other in the shadows, and for long moments our arms remained around each other, proving our realness, something our hearing seemed incapable of doing. At last I could contain myself no longer.

"For God's sake, Bill, tell me how—why—everything," I begged.

"There's very little to tell, Buddy. I was badly wounded shortly after leaving you. I lost my gas mask somewhere in No Man's Land. The gas put me out. A German patrol picked me up. I was shoved aboard one of the last trains that ever left the Metz section. God knows where they took us. Down to some d—n hell-hole where we were kept with no chance to communicate with the outside world until the Red Cross found us two months after the Armistice. I've been almost two months getting home—"

"Come on, Bill. You're tired and cold. You can tell me all in the house," I cut in.

But Bill Mullaney gripped my arm in a vise of steel and held me in my tracks. "No, Jimmy, I'll finish here. Of course I found out I'd been reported killed in action. I thought it would be great to surprise the folks. Somehow they straightened up my back pay and the allotment money that never was sent the folks. I got it and took the train home. A strange feeling came over me when I got off at L— in the dark. Up until that time I'd kept to my surprise plan. But something told me I'd better ask about Ma —and Mary—before starting on the four-mile hike.

"The station agent didn't recognize me. I said I'd been Bill's friend over there. Course he told me 'bout poor Ma." Bill's voice was husky now and near to breaking, but he went on. "And he—said Mary an' you'd married—"

"Bill, for God's sake, let me explain," I cried, cut to the quick by the break in his voice.

"I'm glad it was you, Jimmy. She couldn't have got any better. I've got to finish, Buddy. Please let me," he demanded, hanging on to me. I made no further effort to interrupt and he went on, each word driving a new dagger into my heart, for I knew how he was suffering.

"I wanted to turn around and go away. But, Jimmy, I'd traveled so far and long to see her, till I just couldn't leave without one last look. I crept back here in the dark. I saw you having supper. I watched the lights go out . . .

"Jimmy! forgive me for what I'm sayin', because I'm going right back to the dead where I came from. But when I saw my goldenrod girl standing there in the parlor, I came near runnin' over and declarin' myself! Had it been any other man, Buddy, I'd done just such a thing. So I came into the barn here to get warm a minute or two before hiking off to the dead again," he ended, his last few words little more than stifled sobs.

"Bill Mullaney, I've got something to tell you now. And I want you to listen," I said, suddenly grasping his arms with all my might. I could feel him swaying back and forth—and trembling from head to foot as I told him about Mary and me—about our marriage, about her love for him that had never died.

"Boy, she's always looking off into spaces seeing you—wanting you harder than you ever wanted her in France. It'll be the happiest moment in her life when she sees you again, Bill. And please, Buddy, believe me, it'll be the happiest I ever hope to have when you're both in each others' arms again," I said, meaning every word. I had learned that to the man who loves with all his might there is happiness in the happiness of the woman loved.

"Mary's never stopped caring?" he asked, begging like all lovers for eternal reassurance.

"Never, Bill," I answered, leading him out of the darkness.

That night we slept together in my room, thinking it best not to shock the girl who slumbered nearby, unconscious of the great happiness Fate had brought home to her from the grim land of War. Once towards morning I wakened from a dream with a woman's name on my lips. Almost at the same moment, as if an echo, the name of Mary fell from Bill's sleeping lips.

Morning came, golden with its sunshine. Bill and I, awake, heard Mary stirring around downstairs. I went down first and found the table set for our breakfast. Mary was still busy when I called Bill softly, a great lump lodging in my throat. He came on tiptoes. I pointed to my place at the table and pushed him through the door towards it.

No, I did not turn my head away at once as she came in —as she swayed forward like a spray of September goldenrod gladly leaning to the sun. For a few throbbing seconds I stood my ground and saw Bill fold her in his great arms. Then I turned and stole away, trying to find my happiness in their big hour.

Later they found me in the barn, getting a few things parceled. Together they begged and pleaded for me to stay; to share things fifty-fifty. But that could not be.

"Our marriage can be annulled simply enough, Mary, for it will not stand now that Bill's come home," I said, holding out my hand for good-by. Mary kissed me time and time again. Bill followed me to the gate still pleading that I stay.

"No, Bill, I must be going. I want to get back to my work," I said, a strange smile on my lips. "No, you can't even drive me to L—. I want to hike it so I can think the more of you and Mary—and your happiness. Yes, I'll write you often, boy. Good-by, old buddy—'By, Mary," I called louder so that she might hear.

Not a word came from either of them. They stood silent, afraid to speak—smiling only, a strange sort of a smile I can't quite describe.

"Bill Mullaney's come back from the dead," I told Doctor Summerfield an hour later. My news was like a bolt of lightning at first. But at last he understood all.

"And they are very, very happy?" he half-murmured.

"Very," I answered, looking away.

"And you, Jimmy?" he questioned, much like a kind father.

"Happy in their happiness," I managed to say.

"Of course I—I've guessed you cared—"

"Of course. I—I thought you did, Doc. She—was the only woman. I'm not the kind to change, Doc. I guess I'll never see goldenrod without knowing I can't change here," I said, tapping my chest.

Silence fell between us. It was Doc who broke it, his hands now resting on my shoulders.

"I know what you mean, boy. I loved a girl once upon a time. That's why I'm here in this little place alone. There never was another, Jimmy. She was a Mary, too," he said, his voice faltering.

I gave him my hand, when the train's whistle blew two miles down the track.

Then I broke away, knowing that the trails ahead could never be too wide and long for me to forget that last minute with Doc. A minute of understanding between two men who'd loved without being loved, and who'd go on that way because in all of life they'd never find any other Mary of their heart.

As Others See Us

Not knowing exactly what to do for my vacation this year, my thoughts and curiosity turned to Boston for I wondered what kind of a town it was since I had been there one day in 1916; and also if by any chance I could brave the cold, forbidding hospitality those New Englanders were reputed to have, and if any of the guys I used to know in the 26th Division would condescend from their lofty heights of literary superiority to recognize a poor bum from outside the glare of the sacred fires that burn on Beacon Hill. After a little thought, I decided my liking for the 26th fellows, and their evident willingness in France to put up with anything, might get me through, so I took a boat for Boston—at least the ticket agent said it went there. It did not! I landed in Providence, R. I., one morning just after "sun-up" and between fits of cussing decided to look through my cards, bearing the names of 26th men, and see if by any chance there was a friend of mine in that city. I picked on one and went out to his house, arriving there about 7.30 A.M.—breakfast time. His wife came to the door and I asked if Louis Latham was there, that I had known him in France and kind of wondered why she gave me such a funny look before saying, "Come in." It seems, however, there is a lunatic asylum near there that sounds something like "France" and no wonder the poor woman was doubtful. I walked in after her and Louie looked up inquiringly at sound of my voice, then gave a wild whoop and the hand-shaking began. (Jolt Number 1 for the crepe-hangers who describe New England hospitality with icicles). Louis is married, has a little girl of three, and lives at 123 Allston Street, Providence. We had a good old time together for three days.

"Well," sez I to meself, "Maybe I'll run onto some o' these cold and haughty looks in Boston, but let's try it." So to Boston I went and straight for the YD Club, which was a big surprise to yours truly. The place is beautiful and worthy of the old 26th that we all love so much; and Bill Snyder, who didn't know me from Adam's off ox, was kindness personified and Old Lady Grump got another soak on the nose about that "lack of hospitality stuff." I saw President Coolidge at Cambridge on the day he spoke there, and made a nut of myself I suppose when my eyes filled up with tears at sight of the YD uniforms that passed.

I must say, however, that I was rather disappointed at afterward finding that uniform used by the present National Guard. Of course, that is letting it live, but on the other hand that insignia stands in the minds of all of us as an emblem of the life-blood of many, many lads who died over there, and should have been enshrined with old standards in history's archives, only to be worn by those who bore it, like the old standards of battle, in France.

While in Cambridge I called up Ed Nunan (103d Machine Gun Co.) at Lexington and nothing would do but I must go out and stay at his house. His house was mine for a week and a right merry old time we had.

Then I wandered over to Malden and found Walter Milliken (101st Inf.) who is a "cop" and as fat as the rest of them. We had a long conflab, dinner and a lot of war all over again, and I left for Boston to find the "Golden Stairs" near which I was told Tommy Riley lived. I found 'em, and his mother told me to go to Boston and find him, and after as many wanderings as a Crusader I located the little son-of-a-gun, living with his wife and three kiddies, tickled to death to see me—no more than I was to see him. We had another World War in his house.

On my way out to Lowell one evening I found that I would pass through North Billerica and as my cards said Ed. Barton (101st F. A.) lived there, I cruised around, asking all the neighbors where he was. I have had a picture of a very good pal of mine in Base 18, whose name I could not remember, for seven years, and was tickled a whole lot to find Eddie Barton had the face I'd been looking for so long. He has just finished college. Well, his mother immediately brought in the eats and a cooling drink and a day or so afterward Eddie came to Lexington to see Nunan and me. While in Lowell I also saw Charlie McDermott who is in the License Bureau there. We had a short time to talk but it was pretty nice to get a chance to talk to him again after seven years.

In Boston I met a lot of 26th men, and every one of them seemed to consider it his duty to see that I was well fed. I came back with my belt hardly fitting and a good, warm feeling around my heart for all things New England. If any bird says to me again that New England people bury their noses in the encyclopedia and don't know anybody, I'll tell 'em to climb up a rope tied only at the ground. They treated me so good it will only be the state of my pocketbook that will keep me away from there.

—A. S. WILSON,
New York.

BATTERY "A" BARRAGE

FRED E. MCDONALD spent his vacation (and what goes with it) at Tampa, Florida. He got a room at one of the hotels, and much to his surprise and satisfaction he found that his next door neighbor was none other than DAVE DAY. The rest of their time was spent fighting over the war.

STUART CHAPIN is summering at Oxford, England. We do not know whether Stuart is "colleging" or "honeymooning."

JOHNNIE HART advertised recently in a local paper that he lost his dog. Why not try advertising in a "regular" paper, John?

BILL HACKETT has promised to have a real column for next month, so lets all get together and send in something about somebody. Send it to WILLIAM HACKETT, YD Club, 200 Huntington Avenue.

ENGINEER ENTRIES

ANTICS OF A

We understand RAY HEMENWAY is at Devens instructing the "rookie shavetails to be"—something in the line of intelligence. Ray, we believe, through perseverance and attention to business has attained the rank of captain.

ROGER HUBBELL'S new address is 30 Churchill St., Newtonville. He reports the wool business is rather dull.

G. W. A. HAMMOND and T. KINGBURY are now in partnership selling wool. With best wishes for success from all the gang of old A Company, these buds must find the wool business O.K.

JOHN POWERS—John of the famous Tom and John Powers Twins—is at 40 Broad St., Boston, with the N. E. Tel. and Tel. Co.

HORACE VAN EVEREN is laid up at home with a broken ankle.

BUZZINGS OF B

No clover—no honey.

We are sorry that news is scarcer than hens' teeth, but we realize that if some of you fellows would send in to us any items of interest you hear from time to time, this column would be filled out every month. It is impossible, physically as well as financially, for the writer to be ambling about the country gleaning news and at the same time expect to hold down his job. Although he enjoys his avocation and considers it a duty to edit and keep this column going, it is also up to you who read the column to do your bit.

This column is the only liaison that we have with our scattered buddies, and if you want it continued you most certainly will have to help by contributions of news. That is all that is expected of you, which is small enough.

Send in any news whatsoever, on any kind of paper whatsoever, to V. B. HITCHINS, care State Street Trust Company, Boston, Mass. —THE DRONE.

DOINGS OF D

HARRY GREENHALGH, who has been several years in Detroit, is at his home in Warren, R. I., on a visit.

DICK STEWART was in Boston for a short visit in August. Says he is well, happy, and prosperous.

RAY NEWHALL is strong for the cows and chickens. Has moved his wife and son to a billet three miles from Framingham. Ray is learning a lot about the country—for one thing, that you can't get a quick breakfast on chestnut wood.

HOWARD CHASE is putting a lot of the francs he has saved into a beautiful new house he is building in Westboro.

H. E. HOWARD is still living in Pike, N. H. He is a strong booster for a silver black fox company.

GEORGE CURTIS has just returned from a 10,000 mile auto tour through the Canadian Rockies, down the west coast to San Diego, then home through the Grand Canyon. Some people have all the luck.

We have heard rumors once in a while that GUY MESSENGER was always late and inclined to be a bit slow. But as we now hear that he has moved the Zero hour from the latter part of September to August 8th, we believe the rumors were started by Joe Latrine. Yes, Guy has bought a house in Springfield and is enjoying his honeymoon.

AL HENDERSON, who also writes in that he is much better, wins the box of cigars this month for sending in the most news.

Send your news to EDWARD F. WALKER, 10 State St., Boston, Mass., and win the cigars. —E. F. W.

FANCIES OF F

They're never too old to fall. ANDY LAWLOR was a recent visitor to Boston, bringing with him a young and charming wife. He was met at the Club by an informal reception committee consisting of RALPH TAYLOR, AL DAY, PHIL SANBORN, BOB MILLER and SAM JOHNSON. Andy accomplished in one day what some of us have been unable to in six years. He found MATTY FARRELL. Picture the meeting if you can. Remember when Andy was acting top sergeant at Langres, the one-ring circus we had every morning while he got Matty out from under the blankets?

Another letter from STEVE KUTZMA leads us to believe that all is not well with him. It reads as follows:

"Waterville, Minn., July 31, 1925.

"I hate like hell to call you Buddy.

"Say, why can't you send me back that money? You know you got the book all right and I ain't got mine back. That looks to me that you guys ain't right. You know that a negro wouldn't pull off a trick like that. Maybe you think that you are 3,000 miles away from me. The hell with him. All right, you can think that. But the sun will shine some day. That's what I call robbing the poor. Let me hear from you. You tell me what you think about it.

"STEVEN KUTZMA.

"Goodbye."

—P. N. S.

CONGRATULATIONS

THOMAS J. MARLEY, 104th Infantry, is the proud daddy of a ten-pound baby boy. He named him "Bill" because he came around the first of the month.

TAPS

JOHN S. HANKINSON, 63, of New Haven, formerly with Battery E, 103d Field Artillery, passed away on July 10.

It is with regret that Taps records the death on July 8, at Kennebunkport, Maine, of Mr. Palmer A. Twombly, father of GEORGE W. TWOMBLY of the 101st Field Signal Battalion.

Along the Mouilly-Saint Remy

A Review by ERNEST E. FAIRBANKS

Sometimes in recalling the good times we had together overseas we lose sight of the grim reality of war. No more eloquent sermon in the cause of peace could be written than is contained in the excerpts which are quoted below.

"*The sector taken over extended approximately from what had been the village of Les Eparges southeasterly to Loelont Wood. On the left were the classic fighting grounds of Saint Remy Village and Eparges Wood, where the French had struggled desperately in 1915 . . .* " (1914-1915).—New England in France, 1917-1919: Emerson G. Taylor, Boston, 1920, page 216.

On September 12, 1918, at eight o'clock, the infantry of the Yankee Division went over in the first day of the Saint Mihiel offensive with the Vaux-les-Palameix-Saint Remy road as the intermediate objective. In September 1914, this same front was also a scene of action. Genevoix in his book, " 'Neath Verdun," gives a very vivid account of the events which took place on the ground with which we were to become familiar just four years later. The signs of earlier action, which were very much in evidence upon several fronts, lead us to wonder about former engagements. Thanks to Genevoix, we may be taken behind the scenes of the years and live again the days of 1914 in our later sector.

"*September 23, 1914, Mouilly.*—Other roads descend from the woods, all choked with processions of wounded, and still more wounded, moving slowly down into the village. Dressing stations have been set up in the barns; about them is a litter, constantly increasing, of stained bandages and bloodsoaked pieces of cotton-wool, extending in some cases almost into the middle of the road. From the interior of the barns emanate sharp cries, speaking eloquently of bitter pain and endurance; the air reeks with the pungent smell of iodoform."

"About the little church, with its shell-shattered windows, lies the cemetery with its mossy tombstones and rust-eaten metal crosses. Empty, newly-dug graves yawn; so many little mounds bear the fresh marks of the pick! And towards this cemetery some stretcher-bearers come, walking slowly and in time, carrying between them stretchers, hurdles, step-ladders, on which still figures lie, rigid beneath the rough cloth covering them."

"We come to a halt near Amblonville Farm, whose spacious and strongly built walls look down over wide and rolling grasslands, moist and verdant. The Mouilly Road terminates there. It stretches away before us, crossing a stream over a little stone bridge, passes a silver-surfaced lake, which acts as a mirror to the superb trees about it, to become winding and narrow near some sombre woods, amid which a half-hidden windmill arises, and finally scales the abrupt heights behind which lies the village."

"Behind the summit some 75's are firing steadily and slowly. Lower down, guns, horses and their drivers, and ammunition wagons—appearing as though sighted through the wrong end of a telescope—flow almost imperceptibly this way and that, like weeds slowly waving in the depths of a river."

* * * *

"*September 24.*—By fours, through the wood and up the slope. I cannot overcome the forebodings aroused by the nervousness of my men. I have complete confidence in them and in myself but, that confidence notwithstanding, something warns me instinctively of the presence of a new element, of a danger I cannot define even to myself, of—can it be panic? What an age we are in going up! My pulses are beating violently; the blood is rushing to my brain. 'Ah . . . .' "

"The instant we reach the top of the slope, a volley, hissing, tearing and spitting, is directed at us. A common impulse causes the men to throw themselves flat to the earth."

" 'Up you get, *nom d'un chien!* Regnard, Lauche, all the N. C. O.'s . . . (Censored) . . Make them get up!' "

"The fire is not yet heavy. A few bullets only come seeking us, shattering the branches about us. I call out at the top of my voice.

" 'Let it be clearly understood! All N. C. O.'s are responsible for seeing that no man falls out. We are about to cross a copse where it is very easy to get away. You must keep a very sharp look-out.' "

"Two men rush into the clearing where I am standing. They run so quickly that they appear to be flying from the foe. Their faces are bloody and no merciful bandage conceals the wounds which they are coming to show to my men! As they come up, the first man cries:

" 'Get out of the way! Make room! There are others following us!' "

"That man no longer possesses a nose; in place of it there is a hole which bleeds and bleeds."

"His companion has had his lower jaw blown off. Is it credible a single bullet could effect such a shocking injury? Almost half his face is no more than a soft, hanging, crimson piece of flesh, from which blood and saliva trickle in a viscous stream. Above this horror peer out two round, blue boyish eyes; they stare at me, eloquent with unendurable distress, in mute stupefaction. The sight shakes me to the very depths of my being, to the point of tears; then the unmeasured rage of a madman against those who caused this war, who set all this blood running, who massacre and mutilate, sweeps over me like a storm."

" 'Get out of the way! Get out of the way!' "

"Another man is crying out the words now. Staggering and livid, he presses both his hands to the lower part of his abdomen, to hold in his intestines bulging in his crimson shirt. Another is desperately clutching his arm, from which large drops of blood drip constantly. A fourth suddenly stops running, kneels down before us, with his back towards the enemy, opens his clothes and deliberately withdraws from the inner side of the groin a bullet, which he carefully places in his purse."

"And so they endlessly stream past us, each one with the same staring eyes, following the same stumbling and zigzag course, panting, obsessed by the thought of the hilltop behind which lies safety, burning to get out of this ravine where death whistles amid the leaves, in order to recover their nerves down there, where their wounds will be dressed, where they will be cared for, perhaps even saved."

" 'Your section will occupy the ditch which forms a continuation of the Calonne trench.' "

* * * *

" 'Some of the men broke and ran a few moments ago,' he says, 'and it is not good to think about. But I must say the occasion justified them. The Boches came up like rats, swarming everywhere. The thickets are full of them now; some of them are not more than fifty yards away. I assure you it is so, Lieutenant, and I am not short-sighted. There is not a single Frenchman between us and them, and they are there all right . . . ' "

"It is true enough, but all the same . . their cursed bullets are covering every inch of ground round about us."

"Suddenly their bugles ring out and their drums sound close at hand, very close. They are charging."

" 'Look, they're there,' cries one of my men. 'You can see them there.' "

"At the end of the clearing two Germans are kneeling and firing."

" 'Rapid fire! Right into them! Fire!' "

"Rifles crack. The fumes of burnt powder drift beneath the trees. The German bugles sound louder; the noise of their drums almost drowns the fusillade. Behind us the machine-gun splutters with sufficient violence to destroy its own tripod."

" 'There they are! There they are!' "

"The men have called out simultaneously and without any trace of fear in their voices. They are excited by the surrounding inferno, by the increasing smell of burning powder, by the sight of the enemy advancing in mass formation less than a hundred yards away—dense ranks of men in which our bullets create constant gaps. The intoxication of battle has seized the men; no longer is there thought of panic."

" 'Fix bayonets!' "

" 'Hardly worth the trouble now, Lieutenant. You must retire.' "

"A breathless voice has uttered these words, and I turn to find that Presle, my *agent de liaison*, has come up behind me. Great drops of perspiration fall from him, and he breathes pantingly, mouth wide open. One of his cartridge slings hangs severed from his belt."

" 'A bullet did that,' he said. 'Cut the sling while I was running. However, I come to inform you that you must retire behind the hill, above the Saint Remy road. We are going to hold on there. The other companies are gone already—you alone remain now. You must move quickly.'

"Move quickly! A very simple business, of course, considering the thorny and tangled undergrowth which wraps itself about one's legs, binds and tears them."

" 'Morand, see that no one goes by the path. If they do, they'll only get cut down. They'll be mere targets. No one by the path until we meet at the top of the hill!' "

"It's the same old story of the poor lot who wouldn't go through the scrub at Vauxmarie. It's much easier to run by the path; there are no thorns to tear one's legs or get in the way, but certain death lurks there!"

" 'Halt! . . . Half turn . . . skirmishing formation . . . fire as you like!' "

"The men obey me to the letter. That is good, very good—an obedient, intelligent fighting section. My heart beats rapidly but steadily. Just now I feel sure of myself, self-possessed, happy. I want to laugh at the bullets, and and I thrust my quite unnecessary revolver back into my belt.

"The German bugles are now no longer sounding; their Mausers are firing only at irregular intervals. What are they up to? I determine to try and discover.

" 'Cease fire!' "

* * * *

Anyone who participated in the St. Mihiel affair may find it difficult to realize the good work accomplished by the French in 1914-1915 when everything appeared to be in the Germans' favor. It is true that the fighting was marked by retreats of the French, but each poilu sold his life very dearly as the Boche found out to his sorrow. Even as at Verdun the Germans became aware of the cost of any substantial advance along this front.

The remarkable fact to me is the amount of fairness accorded the German by the French at the close of the war and since that time. I have a very unconventional theory regarding the cause of this, to me, unexpected leniency. As is well-known, the average Frenchman possesses an inherent love for the land and for animals. He has termed the German a Boche and thinks of him as being a pig. According to this theory he unconsciously acts according to this inherent liking for the pig!

It is interesting to quote Genevoix on this point: "With a wicked glance towards us, he cries aloud to the Boche, 'Is it true, you pig, that you are a good pig?'

" 'I understand,' exclaims the German gutturally. 'Pig, good pig! I understand!' "

"And an unctuous laugh spreads all over his greasy face, happy at this display of camaraderie which promises so well for him, as vile and loathsome as are all Boches when at the mercy of a conqueror."

YD AUXILIARY

Mrs. C. G. Frances, our president, attended the 49th Annual Encampment of the New Hampshire Veterans Association at Camp Edmund Tetley, on Thursday, August 27, which was American Legion Day, as a guest of the American Legion Auxiliary of New Hampshire.

She was introduced by Major Robert O. Blood of Concord, N. H., as the first woman to have been introduced from that platform.

The new Year Books have been received by the members and are right up to date.

Plans are being made for a large Whist Party on Friday, October 30, and a Bazaar on Saturday, November 14. Mrs. Snape is chairman of the Bazaar.

Mrs. Francis has returned to Newton after a summer at "Rockledge" on Lake Winnipesaukee, N. H.

BRIDGEPORT CONNINGS

The Bridgeport YD Club was formed on June 20, 1925, at which time a charter was received from the Y.D.V.A. Regular meetings will be held at the American Legion Headquarters, 307 Golden Hill St., Bridgeport.

Officers for the ensuing year were recently elected as follows: Honorary president, Major General C. R. EDWARDS; president, WILLIAM M. MCELROY; vice-president, WILLIAM E. WEST; treasurer, JEREMIAH SCOTT; secretary, LEROY A. MACKINNON.

Our platform is similar to that of the Boston YD Club, with the usual reliable timber to support it.

At a recent meeting it was rumored that more of the "Bills," "Bobs" and "Buds" have gone and done it for better or for worse; among them are "BOB" MACDONALD, "BILL" NAGEL, "BILL" COWIE, and "BUD" FORSYTHE, all of whom are now commonly classed as Benedicts.

FREDDIE KELLAR'S new addition was recently received in open arms and promises to be a booster for the next YD army.

"POP" BRINDEL has promised to pay "MA" WYRTZEN a visit at Fairfield this summer and JACK ROSE hopes to go too if his wife will let him go out for a couple of nights.

"JAKE" A'HEARN is playing lively baseball again this summer and has succeeded in attracting HARRY EDES to the diamond at Seaside Park, but then Harry has to go down to the "apple orchard" every so often and the Park is quite handy to that port of missing men.

ERIC ERICKSON is convalescing at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Navy Hospital, where he has had his appendix removed.

GEORGE STEVENS, "GUS" HANNON, "BILL" ALLEN, FREDDIE WILLIAMS, "HUB" BEERS, "BILL" LEONARD, CLIFF FULTON, GEORGE DUBBEE, and, in fact, the whole gang is out scouting for new members for our Club and all promise to bring everybody to our next meeting on September 14.

BILLY KINSELLA is now the prosecuting attorney of Fairfield, and FREDDIE BEACH is naturalization clerk of this district as well as a deputy judge in Stratford.

Vacation time brought around RALPH CARLTON, GRANVILLE WILCOX and FRANK DAVIS.

There's a report around that a detail of officers and men were recently "gassed" at Niantic, and even though better late than never, we heard a fellow say "What kept ya?"

"DICK" BARLOW is still serving as agent for the Humane Society, and to hear him relate his experiences at the front, the Battle of Paris sure was a tame battle.

That invincible team, JOE WYNKOOP and Mr. HOUGH, has busted up all right because Joe was up to the last meeting without Ed. You remember when CHAS. MORGAN used to say, "It's all off"? Well, it still is.

CHARLIE JOHNSON is still looking for the stuffed parrot that he lost down at Fort McHenry while on his way home from Colimeres. However, Charlie is doing a fine business with six more pumps in front of his house and two kids inside.

AL ZARADNICK is running a restaurant out in OLLY CHANDLER'S town, the place where the other half of the YD came from.

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"Bob" Tunstall from the 104th at Worcester was in town a short time ago.

"Ben Hur" Goodnow went through town quite fast as usual last week and told us he was on his way to Laconia where Dinny Claire is the chief of the traffic "cops."

—D. A. McK.

RELIGION A LA CARTE

Editor of Yankee Doings:

If Jim Lynch hasn't already copped the plate glass trench shovel or whatever it is you are offering for the best true story, lay down the ear phones and listen to this one.

After having tried a hand at this job and that in what we lovingly used to call "this man's army," yours truly figured it out that the one soft detail was that of valet to the soup gun. *Beaucoup* eats, no squads west, no guard duty, everything rosy. Which sometimes it was. But not always.

One night after we had pulled into a certain dump and were peacefully snoozing, a late detail showed up and it became our pleasant duty to drag out from under the blankets and brew them some hot coffee. They were so happy to get it that we didn't mind much, and when they came back for seconds we had another big can full ready.

But the first bimbo to taste the second lot let out a yell, "Gee, this stuff is awful. What to hell did you put in it?" The others took up the chorus. A fine way to thank a bunch of kind-hearted goofs who had left their steam heated puptents to make them happy! We gave them directions as to where they could go, and crawled back under the blankets.

Next morning revealed a pulpy looking mass at the bottom of the coffee can. Alas, it was all that remained of a huge family Bible that one of our fool souvenir hounds had been lugging around for the past week. What could you expect of a bird that would cop a Bible, and then carry it around in a soup gun?

—Frank Good (101st Inf.)

PEA SOUP PATTER

sain Albun? vairmont
Argus one

mi deer Fren bil

i receev yur Leter las wik. i Am glad to see yu, hulo; she bin so dam hot dis sumer i Don du much but sit aroun an go swimun. i spose dat joke mulone tol u dat i sole Mi shevrulay oto an now i gut anuder henri Fliv. she ron dam fine to. las Wik i go in reveer bich de sam lak i du evry yeer wid ma wife Rozy an de kids? Yu no i gut nuder kid now shes nam napoleon after ma wife, Dat maks ate kids now jus lak a ball team sep wun. ma olest girl sep tu mak me mad on reveer bich? bil u no shes gut dam fine ris wach wot i buy frum joke Mulone fur tree dolar wun tam las krismas tu tree yeer ago? dE nam frum dis wach be water bery and she ware de wach in swimun she sa she doan tink de water hert de waterbery wach. Wen Rozy ondres ma boy mArcel she fine wan dam fine ondershirt dat she so on her las fal. Bil wots dis i heer bout Gus Ferdon. wan feler tol me dat gus kip her sit rite neer de telerfone an wen she ring sum tam bout sevn klok—bi dam—she chump rite up an sa yes mam i kum rite now? i heer harul pAge gut nu bas drumer down her hous now. tel me sumtam how is nin-secun-smith i jus kech tre dolar from rozy fur de YD lejun pos sen me kard fur de sam. hoping u ar de sam i am

yur fren,
pete bouchard

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